

A Coffee Encounter By Snowflakelover

by Words of Love for Meli

Category: Twilight
Genre: Humor, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Bella, Edward
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-13 12:00:07
Updated: 2016-04-13 12:00:07
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:45:56
Rating: M
Chapters: 1
Words: 9,471
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: "A girl needs only two things: Coffee and sex... Bella just wants to combine the two."

A Coffee Encounter By Snowflakelover

Summary: "A girl needs only two things: Coffee and sex... Bella just wants to combine the two."

Beta: SarcasticBimbo

Rating: M

Pairing: Edward x Bella

Category: Romance/Humor

It's a cold, blustery Tuesday morning, and I'm hunching against the wind as I walk quickly down a busy sidewalk in downtown Port Angeles. Everywhere I turn I'm confronted by sickly-sweet, googly-eyed, romantic couples who insist on walking at a snail's pace, keeping me from reaching my destination.

"Fucking Valentine's Day," I grumble under my breath as I pull my patterned scarf closer to my face. I have to feed my addiction before going to work, but these assholes are making it difficult; just randomly stopping right where they are and eating each others' faces.

Blegh!

After that happens a few times, I begin to lose my patience. _If anyone stops in front of me again I will cut a bitch._

Just as that thought crosses my mind, another couple decides to just stop right in front of me and demonstrate their tongue

skills.

"Fucking get a room, you two!" I yell at the unsuspecting love-birds, causing them to jump apart in shock, looking embarrassed.

_Good! _Keep it PG-13 in the streets, yo.

I pass them and ignore the snickering from onlookers.

After walking for another five minutes without incident, I finally reach the holy grail for people like me: Starbucks.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Don't judge me, bitches. You've never tasted heaven until you've had that beautiful, nut-brown elixir touch your lips.

When you add the fact that I'm a raging bitch without my daily dose of caffeine, to the reality that I'm PMSing and I haven't gotten properly laid in so long that my hymen has probably regenerated, you too, will come to the conclusion that this does not make a pretty picture. That's right, stay out of my way if you want to keep your limbs intact.

Entering my caffeinated holy land, I take a deep breath through my nose, allowing the only scent that calms me down to envelop me.

Luck is not on my side today. Having dealt with more ridiculous displays of affection than anyone should ever have to see already, I now have to stand in line behind two couples, each of which were gazing lovingly at each other. I want to vomit on them. I just don't know how much more of this I can take.

After enduring five more minutes of their disgusting, lovey-dovey crap, I receive a text message from my best friend, Rosalie.

We've been best friends since the moment I stumbled in front of her dorm room and accidentally knocked the guy who was flirting with her flat on his ass. Rose had immediately introduced me as her girlfriend to what's-his-name. The poor guy scrambled away as if his ass was on fire. After that classy introduction to each other, Rose and I became the best of friends.

That status has just been re-evaluated, though, because my soon-to-be ex-best friend sent the text to tell me she 'accidentally' broke my bed.

"How the fuck?" I mumble under my breath.

Ever since she met Emmett, the two have been going at it like jackrabbits. The guy is a giant, with the most adorable dimples adorning his cheeks when he smiles. His buoyant, carefree attitude balances Rosalie's strong, stubborn personality.

I text her back asking how she could have possibly done that. She responds a few seconds later telling me that she and Emmett had sex on my bed.

"ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!" I scream at the phone screen, fury coursing through me.

I hear a throat clear, and without looking up I snarl, "I want a skinny venti Caramel Macchiato with two pumps," before calling Rose to give her the opportunity to flee for her life.

My poor, comfy bed!

When the call goes to voicemail I feel my face flush with anger and my already bad mood darkens exponentially.

I hear a throat clear again and since I'm clearly in no mood for the barista's incompetence, I sigh in annoyance.

"What? I already gave you my order. Is that too much for you to handle?" I ask angrily while not looking up from my phone as I furiously type a threatening text to Rosalie.

A minute later my coffee is placed on the counter. After blowing a couple of times at the steam, I take a sip of it.

Instead of the familiar caramel taste I'm expecting to cover my tastebuds, a different, equally wonderful, flavor assaults my tastebuds. It's chocolate and something else that's similar to coffee but slightly sharper, swirling on my tongue.

"What the hell is this? This isn't the coffee I ordered, man. You must be deaf because I specifically ordered a Caramel Macchiato! Is there anyone who can actually make coffee here?!" I say, with the volume of my voice rising in anger at the end of my tirade.

Deciding to see who the incompetent moron is, I look up from the hot coffee in my hand to the face of the barista standing behind the counter.

My breath catches in my throat, because standing behind the counter of my 'holy grail,' is possibly the most handsome man I've ever laid eyes on.

His hair is the wildest I've ever seen. The only description that comes to mind is 'freshly fucked.' It sticks up all over his head, as if a woman had just run her hands through it and tugged on the ends during a mind-blowing orgasm.

The color is an amalgamation of all the shades in the red/brown spectrum, with blond highlights. The palette of colors in his hair blends together to form a bronze color so beautiful that works of art should be created in its honor. _Fuck, I need to get laid!_

Once I get past the beautiful mop on his head, I lower my gaze to find eyes the exact shade of new leaves in spring. The eyebrows, framing them so perfectly, are thick and dark and so incredibly _manly._ _I want to lick them._ His nose is straight, but has a slight bump which makes me wonder if he broke it in a bar fight or bull-riding, or some other really dangerous thing. Which also makes me wonder what he would look like in a bar fight, or bull-riding, or with me riding him. _Wow, I _really_ need to get laid._ His jaw looks like you could cut glass with it and makes me want to scrape my teeth across it before sucking on his full, pink bottom lip.

Hmmm, what a B.I.L.F. (Barista I'd Like to Fuck).

Shaking out of my momentary stupor, I glare at the barista as I wait for his explanation.

He looks startled at my outburst: eyes wide and mouth hanging open in shock. I want to reach over and clasp his jaw to push it shut, just to feel the firmness in my palm.

Quickly recovering himself, he replies in the sexiest tone I have ever encountered. "This is a favorite for a lot of customers, Miss. It has the right amount of bitterness, perfectly balanced with the sweetness and just the right 'kick' to elevate your energy in the morning."

God, you'd think he's having an orgasm with how passionately - and accurately, I might add - he's describing the taste.

What arrogance! He just assumed that I would prefer his brew instead of my favorite coffee!

It does taste good though, _sooooo good._

"Listen here, you cocky bozo, I _ordered_ a Caramel Macchiato and I _want_ a Caramel Macchiato! Got that? I don't care if it's a favorite of Juan Valdez himself! Give me what I ordered!" I yell at the sexy bastard.

"Okay, okay, I'll make your order, Miss." He holds his hands up, a slight smile on his lips and laughter in his eyes. Then he smirks, and what he says next is dripping innuendo, "But you won't be drinking it anymore after you've had my _special blend._"

"Oh, is that so?" I raise an eyebrow.

"Yes, how about a bet? If you like what I make for you, you have to go on a date with me," he dares, seducing me with those green eyes.

"I wouldn't be too cocky if I were you. In the unlikely event that happens, I'll go out with you," I reply curtly.

"Let's shake on it," says the cocky bastard, holding his large hand out to me to shake.

I extend my hand and shake his. The moment our skin touches, heat shoots up like a burning flame from the tips of my fingers to the tips of my toes.

His hand feels rough and calloused around my soft one, enveloping mine safely within its warmth. Warmth, that forces me to hold in a shudder of pleasure.

Realizing that we've been holding hands for a few seconds too long, I snatch my hand back and look into his eyes. The fire I see in those deep emeralds holds me in place. This time, I can't keep the shudder wracking through my body in check, which rouses certain _other_ _parts_ of my body.

I clear my throat and step back from the counter to keep myself from mounting him on the spot.

I wait for five minutes as the barista prepares my coffee. While he does, I check the guy out. In addition to his fuck-hot facial features, the man is like a walking sex demon. Tall - 6'2, wild hair, broad shoulders, lean muscles, and lord help me - a round, well-defined ass that I just want to bite. Rawr!

While I brazenly ogle his ass, my phone rings with a new text message.

Shit! One of my colleagues has fucked up the design.

Fan-fucking-tastic. Why can't I ever have a relaxing coffee without some moron messing shit up?

"One Caramel Macchiato for the lovely lady," Barista guy suddenly exclaims, which startles me, causing me to jump in fright.

I reach for my wallet in my bag when Barista guy stops me. "It's on the house, Miss. I did brew one that you didn't order, even though I thought you would like it. Take both with you, consider it an apology from a presumptuous asshole," he says with a crooked smile and a wink.

My inner sex-goddess reacts to that smile by moaning like a top-rated pornstar.

Taking both cups, I reply in mild annoyance. "Make sure you don't pull the same bullshit with other customers."

I turn around and head for the door. When I reach for the handle, Barista Guy yells. "Have a wonderful day, Miss."

I turn back to see him giving me that panty-soaking smile, his green eyes dancing playfully, before turning again to leave for work.

O

Once I got there at 7:30 sharp, work was a nightmare. My boss' tirade could be heard from the elevator. Apparently, Jessica Stanley, my fuck up of a colleague, completely ruined the design my team has been working on for a month.

I work at a company specializing in designing book covers, where I head a team of brilliant artists. We had been tasked to come up with the design for a young-adult book about vampires for a prestigious publisher.

As I walked past the conference room where my team was assembled, I could see the reason there was such a commotion.

I had trusted Jessica to deliver the agreed-upon design, but after I had given my final approval, she single-handedly decided to replace it with the image she preferred. It went from the simple, elegant image of two cupped hands cradling an apple, to a cheesy, generic picture of a typically fanged vampire..

If my boss weren't screaming at the top of his lungs at the moment, you can bet your sweet ass that I would have been at the insipid

bimbo's throat, most likely choking the living shit out of her.

Sighing in frustration and exhaustion, I walk to my office to place my coffee cups and bag on the table before heading for the conference room where my boss, Caius, is still screaming.

Seeing that this will be one hell of a day, I grab one of the coffee cups and walk briskly to the conference room.

The sight that greets me is not unfamiliar. Caius is standing at the end of the table, screaming at the top of his lungs. His face is blotched, the cords of muscle in his neck are strained, and the vein in the middle of his forehead is so enlarged I fear it will pop, spraying blood all over the room.

Upon seeing me enter, he turns to me and shouts. "What the hell happened here, Swan?! I trusted you with the most important deal our firm has seen in months, and someone on your team fucked it up!" He continues to screech, "Fix this or it's your ass on the line!"

"Yes, sir," I mumble, still standing near the doorway.

When he's done berating me, he shouts at Jessica. "Stanley, you're fired! Pack your personal shit and leave immediately. I won't tolerate incompetence at my company. And that goes for the rest of you, too!"

After the tirade ends, Caius stomps past where I'm standing, causing me to flinch back.

When Caius leaves, Jessica goes from being shocked to wailing like a banshee in an instant. She stands up from the chair and runs from the room.

I go to my desk, sit down and look out the window. I take a sip from the cup I was still holding. The cup that holds what I previously believed to be the key to my happiness. I take another sip and my eyes widen in surprised pleasure, and I start to suck the coffee down like a virgin on prom night. I groan in ecstasy when the taste of chocolate caresses my tongue.

Damn that Barista-guy for being right! His brew is so delish that what I swore I could never live without is now a distant memory.

Bye, bye, former favorite coffee. You served me well. _

He's ruined me for any other coffee! I can never drink any other brew 's no way in hell I can tell him that, not after that bet we made.

Drinking another mouthful, I moan loudly. Mmmm, it tastes so heavenly that I feel as if I'm on cloud nine. The only other feeling I've ever had that even approaches this level of euphoria is an orgasm.

Nothing beats coffee, nothing.

Unless I can find a way to combine coffee and sex.

YES!

Broad shoulders hover over me while strong arms hold me tight, pin me down, as the faceless man in my fantasy fucks me from behind as I sip on coffee.

Now, how can I make that a reality without burning myself?
HMMMMMMMM.

A throat clearing somewhere near me startles me back from La-la-land to a bleak and dickless reality.

With Jessica, or as I like to call her - useless waste of space - now gone, I feel relieved. I had expressed my displeasure to Mike, our head of HR, regarding her irresponsible and careless attitude at work. I'm not the only executive who has had a problem with Ms. Stanley, though. I know for a fact that five of my colleagues had previously levied complaints against her to upper management, and she was never fired. Until now, that is, when her incompetence was finally witnessed by somebody she isn't fuckingâ€¦

There were countless times where one person or another from my team fixed her fuck ups silently, thinking I wouldn't notice. I did, but it was never in my power to fire her.

After finishing my coffee, I reluctantly switch into boss mode and assess the situation to make sure Jessica hadn't deleted the correct campaign.

"Okay, everyone, I just checked, and the original art we created is still saved on the computer. Thank God she didn't have the clearance to change or delete files she was pushing for. I know it's none of your faults, and I thank you for sticking with me. This is easily fixed, however," I tell them.

O

Three days have passed since Jessica's screw up that, thankfully, proved to be salvageable. Three days have also gone by since I said my goodbyes to Caramel Macchiato goodness and giving into the power of the Mocha Latte. When I went to buy coffee the next day, I was disappointed to see that Barista Guy wasn't there. Even though I know I would _not _have ordered the coffeegasm that day so as not to lose the bet, it would have been nice to see him.

No, it would be wonderful to see Barista Guy again. Every time I go to sleep I am reminded of him because those green eyes have been a constant presence in my dreams. Every time they appear I would wake up with a pounding heart and my body flushed all over.

After three days without seeing him, I'm surprised to see Barista Guy sitting at one of the tables when I stop for coffee on my way home from work. However, he doesn't look like a barista today. He's dressed smartly in a black suit and dark blue tie that looks stunning on him. His hair still has the same sexed-up appearance. He's so incredibly good-looking and sexy in that attire that it awakens the girls from their self-imposed sex embargo.

Barista Guy is sitting by himself, texting on his phone with one hand while drinking coffee with the other. The way his throat bobs as he swallows makes me want to climb on his lap and lick it. He hasn't noticed me yet, so I scurry over to the counter and order my one-time favorite, Caramel Macchiato. Ugh, I can't drink this after practically having an orgasm in my mouth from the chocolate-Kahlua-coffee combination of Mocha Latte (I was told by another barista that's what the coffee consists of after I'd tried to explain the taste to him). But, I resort to drinking it in order to hold onto my pride and not lose the bet.

Okay, I know he's the hottest guy I've ever come across and anyone else would jump on the opportunity to date him, but I just have to prove him wrong.

Ugh, I'm such a hot mess.

When I make my order, his voice - which shouldn't sound so familiar, but is - calls me from behind. "Hey, Caramel Mediocre!"

I turn around to see him with a big smile on his face.

"Hey, Barista Guy," I reply with a smile of my own as I walk over to him.

With his smile still in place, he stands up when I approach and asks. "Barista Guy, huh?"

"Caramel Mediocre, huh?" I mimic his answer back to him, smiling.

"It's more creative than Barista Guy," he taunts back playfully.

"Okay, I'll give you points for creativity," I mockingly tell him.

"You could give me a high five instead," he says, holding his hand out.

I laugh at his silliness. "Okay, I guess I can do that."

I high five him and the pulsing heat between us returns. Instead of just smacking his palm and pulling away, our hands stay joined together.

I glance from our joined hands to his eyes to see them burning with an intensity so strong that I fear the heat may cause me to burst into flames.

I slowly retract my hand from his and gulp loudly - well, loudly for me at least.

He seems to be collecting himself because the intensity dims down and his smile reappears. "Please, sit down while you wait for your order."

I gladly take a seat across from him at the table. When he sits down as well he asks. "So, what's your name? I wouldn't want to call you Caramel Mediocre all the time." he asks, flashing a playful grin.

I roll my eyes. "It's Isabella, but people call me Bella."

"You have a beautiful name, literally. My name's Edward. It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Isabella," he murmurs, my name sounding like a caress coming from his mouth, turning the full power of his charming eyes on me.

It doesn't escape my notice that he chooses to call me Isabella instead of Bella.

"Thank you. It's a pleasure to meet you as well, Edward," I reply confidently. Not allowing those hypnotising emeralds to bedazzle me.

"You seem to be calmer today," he says teasingly.

"Ha-ha," I respond sarcastically. "It's a flaw in my system. If I don't have coffee to charge up my body I become a raging bitch that no one messes with."

"I'd certainly mess with you, Isabella," he says seductively, leaning in.

"You would, wouldn't you?" I flirt in a whisper.

"What did you order?" he suddenly asks in a dark voice.

Before I can respond the barista calls. "One Caramel Macchiato!"

Edward simply raises an eyebrow, a look of disappointment crossing his forest-green eyes for a second, before he smirks as he says. "Ah, a Caramel Mediocre."

Sadness grips me, but the damage is already done. "Yeah, I'm used to the taste of Caramel so your brew didn't appeal to my palate."

"You mean you honestly don't like the coffee I made for you the other day? I'm hurt." Placing his hand over his heart as he pouts those delicious looking, full lips at me.

"You'll get over it," I reply haughtily. "Besides, someone had to knock your cockiness down a notch." I wink.

He gives me a crooked grin. "It's not you knocking down my cockiness I'm unhappy about. Though that still hurts." he pouts.

I grin at him as I stand up to take my coffee. "We might probably see each other again, soon."

He stands up with me (what a gentleman), grabs his coffee and steps toward me. I tilt my head up to look at him.

"Maybe we will," he replies with a sad smile.

I feel like crying but hold myself together.

After a moment he says. "Sadly, I'm going to have to bid you farewell, Isabella. It truly is a pleasure to meet you. I do hope to

see you again."

"Bye, Edward," I whisper.

"Good-bye, Isabella," he replies sadly.

As soon as he leaves, I puff out a whoosh of air, feeling my body sag. My previously happy mood leaves along with Edward. For some reason, the farewell felt final and that thought saddens me.

Maybe I should have swallowed down my pride and ordered his brew. I could have spent a day or an afternoon with his invigorating presence. I didn't even ask him why he isn't working here anymore.

'_It's too late to regret what I just did,' _I think to myself as I throw my coffee in the bin, pay for it and order Edward's brew.

O

Sitting on my couch, I'm sipping Edward's brew while enjoying a well-earned break from the project. Our clients from the publishing firm will arrive next week to assess the artwork we designed for them. So, now I'm reading some slutty fanfiction from my long awaited TBR-list. I'm on a particularly saucy scene when suddenly, my doorbell rings.

Annoyed, I put my coffee and laptop on the coffee table and get up to answer the door.

As soon as I open the door, intensely angry and lust-filled green eyes meet my shocked brown ones.

"Edward?" I ask.

But as soon I utter his name Edward's mouth lands on mine with a heated, angry kiss that ignites me to my toes.

He devours both of my lips then sucks the bottom one, biting on it. I whimper, begging for more, as I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him back with as much passion.

He pulls me by my waist flush against his hard one. I can feel everything: from the plains of his pectoral muscles to the large erection poking against my stomach.

He takes turns kissing, sucking, and nipping on my upper and then my bottom lip. I moan at his ministrations and that encourages him to swipe his tongue against my lips asking for entrance, which I grant him willingly.

We both moan as our tongues touch and taste each others. Edward flavor is better than anything I have ever tasted before.

I pull at the hair on the nape of his neck causing him to growl and rub his hard as rock erection against me.

I moan back and suck his tongue, relishing in the taste of him. A second later, I find myself pinned against the wall with his body

next to the door as it slams shut.

He grabs my hands and forces them against the wall pinning both with one of his large hands.

His eyes flare with fury. He brushes his nose against mine then hisses against my lips. "You lied to me, Isabella!"

"Wh-what?" I gasp.

His nose skims the line of my jaw to my ear where he bites down on the lobe, causing me to shudder. "I can taste the coffee on your lips and tongue," he whispers harshly in my ear.

My mouth opens in surprise and he takes the opportunity to bite down again on my lower lip, before stepping away and dragging me to the couch.

He holds me against the back of it and forces me to bend over.

"Place your hands on the couch and don't you dare remove them," he commands.

His tone and the way he's handling me has me aching, burning and getting wet like I have never before.

I hold on to the back of the couch, not daring to defy him.

He leans over, murmurs to my ear. "Good girl."

Holding me by the waist and still leaning on me he whispers. "You will be punished, Isabella. Do you know why you will be punished?"

"Because I lied?" I gasp.

"Not only that, Isabella. Your lying cost me a wonderful opportunity," he says roughly with a hint of despair.

Then he pulls back and smacks my ass hard, causing me to pant, and growls. "You almost cost me this; us."

He grabs on to the shorts I'm wearing and savagely pulls it down my legs.

I hear his sharp intake of breath and the groan that follows.

"No panties, Isabella? Such a naughty girl," he pants.

Then I moan loudly as he smacks my ass again. Again, and again, and again until it starts to feel numb.

"You love this, don't you Isabella? Say it!" he snarls.

"Yes!" I yell.

He pulls me flush to his cock, and the position that I'm in allows me to feel him right where I ache.

Rubbing my butt where he spanked me, his long fingers inch their way towards my burning pussy.

He gasps in surprise when he feels how wet I am.

I jump when two of his fingers spread my folds.

"So wet for me already, my sweet," he whispers roughly.

Before I can respond, he inserts one and then another finger and begins to slowly stroke me while he spreads the other hand on my ass and holds me in place to stop me from thrusting back.

The way in which he strokes and plays me with his fingers feels so beyond amazing that I instinctively moan loudly every time he pulls them in and out at a painstakingly slow pace.

"Please," I beg, unable to handle his slow pace and wanting his cock instead.

"Please what, Isabella?" he asks me with a rumble.

"Please, I need more," I pant, arching my back at the pleasurable feeling of his fingers as he curls them and hits my g-spot, which forces a shudder through my body and a loud gasp to escape my lips.

"Only because you said please," he chuckles darkly.

A second later, I hear him quickly unbuckling his pants and shoving them down to his ankles. Then, a tearing sound, and after a few moments his large cock fills me to the hilt in one swift thrust that causes me to moan.

"Shit," he hisses. "You're so tight, so warm, love."

He gives me a moment to adjust to his rather impressive size. Then he begins to thrust slowly in and out.

"Edward," I gasp in pleasure as his torturously slow prodding causes the delicious fire in my belly to burn faster.

"Yesss," he hisses as he picks up with his thrusting and soon begins to pound me with a vengeance.

I hold on to the couch with dear life as he takes me wildly.

"Oh, God. Don't stop," I pant.

I can't even describe the sounds that are emitted from my mouth. I begin to meet him thrust for thrust as the pleasure rapidly grows.

The only sound that could be heard in my apartment is our wild thrusts, Edward's growls and my moans.

Edward suddenly grabs a fistful of my hair and tugs it, forcing my neck to bend backwards as he wildly takes me.

"Harder, baby!" I groan in the throes of passion.

I moan his name over and over, begging him to finish me off as he growls and groan with every thrust.

I barely restrain myself from sliding my hand down to my clit when Edward snarls between thrusts. "Don't- you- even- dare- move- your- hands - from- the- couch!"

He leans on my back, and begins to nibble and suck on my neck.

I pant for more because I'm so close to the edge.

"I'll make you feel good, baby," he pants, licking the shell of my ear, as he slides his hand slowly down to my clit.

I jolt awake to find myself, hand deep in my shorts, pleasuring myself to the most vivid, erotic, and hottest dream I have ever had.

I moan as I rub my fingers furiously against my nub, trying to attain the orgasm that I didn't get in my dream.

Recalling the dream and picturing Edward's green lust-filled eyes is enough to drive me over the edge as I scream out his name over and over to the most powerful and body-shaking orgasm of my 25 year-old life.

O

Almost a week goes by without seeing Edward. Every time I enthusiastically enter Starbucks hoping to see him, he isn't there, which fills me with sadness like a dark grey cloud. His absence and the recent wild dreams I've been having of him taking me in different positions has left me a horny, emotional mess.

As I stand in line to order coffee, I force myself to think about the arriving clients. If we impress our clients today, it will give our company a five year contract. I have to bring my A-game and forget Edward for a while.

The line moves particularly slowly today, but that doesn't bother me at all since I'm practicing my speech and explanations to any possible arguments that might come up.

When I reach the counter, I automatically order Edward's brew. I pay the cashier and wait for a few minutes for my order to finish. The second the barista places the coffee on the counter, I grab it, put a straw, and slowly take a small sip of the liquid lava.

"God, this is like an orgasm in a cup," I mutter.

Out of nowhere, Edward's voice whispers in my ear. "I knew it!"

Gasping, I turn around to see his dark suit clad self towering over me with rage in his deep eyes.

"H-hi!" I stutter at him with a sheepish smile.

A slow smile suddenly creeps on his face. He looks at the barista at

the counter and asks. " Hey, Ben, is this the first time she's ordered this since I was here last Tuesday?"

"No man, she's ordered that ever since last Wednesday, I believe," Ben the barista replies.

Edward raises an eyebrow and smirks cockily at me.

We both step aside and before I can apologize for lying to him my cellphone rings with my boss's frantic voice (that carries through the cellphone) yelling at me to haul my ass back into the office because the clients will be arriving sooner than expected.

I glance up to see Edward looking at me with that cocky smirk still in place and playfulness in his eyes. I give him a sheepish look. "My boss just called, I have to go back to the office. I'm sorry."

"Okay, not a problem, Isabella. Just give me your phone so I can program my number in it." He replies with a crooked grin.

I hesitate for a second before giving it to him. After he programs his number, with a tone that leaves no room for argument, he tells me. "Call me tonight."

I promise him that I will and rush towards the office.

The minute I step out of the elevator Caius is on my case. I understand that these are important clients but you would think the way he's acting it's as if the President is coming.

I soothe him by assuring that everything is already in place. That seems to calm him down slightly, though knowing Caius, he would freak out over the slightest detail, like why is the chair somewhat angled wrong, or some other shit.

After ensuring that the meeting room is set up with drinks, I go to my office to pick up the design folder that is safely locked in the drawer of my desk.

The sudden elevator ding and Caius's loud greeting causes me to freeze on the spot. I take a deep breath and mentally prepare myself. I'm confident in my team's design and I know the clients' will like it as well. I specifically put on my professional suit and long form fitting skirt today to boost my confidence.

This is my first chance to impress the clients with my skills. Caius trusted in my abilities to assign me such an important project, so I can't let him down.

I got this.

Standing to my full height, I walk to the meeting room and wait for my boss and the clients to enter.

Caius's friendly chatter and a voice that sounds so familiar become louder as they approach the room.

A mop of crazy bronze hair and Caius's balding head enter the room.

I feel my jaw drop as I see those striking bright green eyes talking with my boss.

When he notices me, he stops talking, surprise crossing his features.

Caius smiles broadly. "Masen, I'd like to introduce you to Miss Isabella Swan, an extremely talented designer. Bella, this is Edward Masen CEO of _Masen Publishing._"

Edward extends his hand, his eyes smouldering, a smirk tugging the corner of his lips. "It's lovely to meet you Miss Swan. Your reputation precedes you. I'm sure we'll get to know one another soon."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Mr. Masen," I reply confidently, shaking his hand smiling softly at him.

When introductions are made with the rest of the three clients, we all sit down.

Caius starts the meeting by reviewing their requirements for the cover, after which he gives me the proverbial floor to continue with the presentation. I eloquently explain the design to them, elaborating why we chose to do things differently and why it works better with the story's plot of course bearing in mind their demands.

Throughout my demonstration, I can feel Edward's gaze on me. I chance a glance at him to see that he's staring at me with a soft smile on his face and something resembling as pride in his eyes.

After 15 minutes of detailed explanation, the editor voices a concern regarding the shade of the color which I reason that that particular shade of red would look better when printed and show them the image of their demanded shade and the one we chose when printed. That seems to satisfy him and the rest of the meeting goes fairly smoothly with talk of slight additions that the author of the book requested to be added. I keep giving covert glances Edward's way to see him doing the same.

Overall, the meeting is a success and they ask for a copy of the design to show it to the author before we apply those additions.

The meeting concludes with happy faces all around. We all shake hands, then Edward reaches for me and whispers as Caius was chatting with the other two clients. "It was a pleasure doing business with you Miss Swan. I will see you soon."

Before I can say anything, he's out of the office with his colleagues.

0

I'm settled in my office, it's three pm and I'm sipping on my second order of warm Chocolate, Kahlua coffee when Caius stops by with the biggest smile I have see on him so far. He only tells me to keep this up and gives the rest of us an early leave.

Like a swarm of bees, everyone on the floor quickly packs up and leaves.

After everyone leaves, I make a round around the floor making sure everything is ordered before going back to my office to pack up.

The elevator dings, signaling someone's on the floor. It's probably a co-worker who forgot something.

Putting everything away, I grab my purse and unfinished coffee, and turn around.

I jump a foot in the air, almost dropping my coffee.

Leaning against my door, with a cocky grin, is Edward.

"Edward, you scared me!" I yell. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm sorry, I should have knocked. I guess I was distracted by the way you move; it's so elegant." He replies softly.

"Oh." What do you say to that? "Um, thanks," I smile.

"And to answer your question, I came because I honestly can't wait for another week to take you out, that is of course unless you already have plans?" he asks hesitantly.

"You couldn't wait, huh?" I tease him a bit. He unapologetically smiles and shrugs his shoulders. "No, I don't have any plans now." I wink.

Grinning, he replies. "Excellent," holding his elbow to me. "M'lady?"

I snort at his dorky behavior but choose to humour him. "Kind sir."

With a shit-eating grin on his face, and an equally big one on my own, we walk to the elevator.

As we wait for it, I ask Edward. "Isn't it weird that you were the client we were preparing the design for?"

Edward looks down at me and replies with that sexy crooked grin. "Not really. I wouldn't call it weird, more like fate if such a thing exists."

"Yeah, I think you may be right. Who would've thought that Barista guy turned out to be the CEO of a reputable publishing company?" I tease. "Why were you working there anyway?" I ask as we get inside the elevator.

"Ben is a good friend of mine and we have worked with each other in a small coffee shop during our college years. He's the manager now, but he also likes to prepare coffee and interact with customers. He had to leave for an emergency, and since he had no one to cover for him I suggested that I take his place for a couple of hours until he came back. I'm glad I did, or else I wouldn't have had the opportunity to talk with you," he adds with a smile.

I blush at his endearment. "Well who would've thought that I would be going out with a cocky ass on a date?" I grin.

He grins back at me. "Yeah, who would've thought, sweetness?"

Edward takes me to a small, cozy restaurant called The Bloated Toad. The name itself makes me laugh. I've often passed by the place and always wanted to dine there. I tell Edward that and he puffs his chest out for getting the place right.

Our afternoon date goes well out into the night. Our conversation is light and fun and I find myself enjoying every second. Usually, I try to end first dates as quickly as possible but with Edward it's as if I've known him my whole life. I'm surprised to find out we have a lot in common from movies and books we like to music we listen. We never run out of things to discuss and find ways to tease the other. When we do shut up, it's because we're taking a break and enjoying the other's company. Edward is charming when he wants to be and by the time night rolls, we've both had a few drinks: me- Irish cream with Kahlua of course, and Edward a couple of beers.

The connection between us is palpable and we become more physical, finding ways to always touch each other: him sliding my hair away from my face or playing with my fingers, me touching his shoulder or caressing his biceps.

Our topics are so random. At one point, because we're both inebricated from drinks that when the topic of sex is broached I accidentally blurt out my coffee sex fantasy to him. He just wiggles his eyebrows and tells me that he'd love to fulfill my fantasy, causing me to laugh.

By the time it's 11 pm, we're both staring each other with drunk smiles on our faces when the tension flares between us and the room feels hot all of a sudden.

Edward's playfully teasing green orbs darken as he stares at me. I barely suppress a shudder from the heat in his gaze. But I can't stop myself from rubbing my thighs together.

Without taking his eyes from me he calls for the check.

O

Our lips are lock in a heated kiss. Edward has me pinned with his body against my door as he kisses me hungrily, his lips devouring my own. We've been at it for like probably 10 minutes.

"Lock the door," I somehow manage to gasp between frantic kisses.

Something lands in a soft thud that I ignore as he reaches back to lock the door.

The click of the lock lets me know he's locked it.

I don't know how we arrived to this point, but one minute we were sitting in his fancy car, the next were were making out like teenagers.

His hands grasp at my waist pulling me roughly to him as he lays open-mouthed kisses on my neck and collarbone. I finally tug at his sex hair, feeling the surprising softness in my hands. Edward groans against my mouth grinding his erection against my stomach as a response. As he sucks and nibbles on my neck his hands roam up and down my sides and then slowly to my ass where he cups it roughly.

I moan loudly, drag his face back to me and kiss him furiously. His teeth bite down on my lower lip which he then sucks into his mouth. I whimper as he traces my lip with his tongue and open my mouth to give him access.

God he tastes even better than in my dream.

With his hand still on my ass, he forcefully walks us back to the dining table and lifts me on it.

"Fuck, Isabella, you look so sexy in this suit, but I bet you look more beautiful without it," Edward pants as he helps me to quickly remove my top leaving my black lacy bra on.

He kisses and licks his way down through the valley of my breasts to my stomach. With one hand pushes me down on the table as he nips and sucks my stomach.

"Fuck, baby you taste good," he groans.

I giggle. "I taste better down there, baby," I wink.

His eyes flare wildly. "Fuck, don't say shit like that, Isabella, I'm barely holding back already," he growls.

"Don't hold back," I whisper.

He smirks. "As you wish, m'lady."

He grabs onto my skirt and tears it through the middle, causing me to gasp and become wetter than I can remember.

Before I can berate him for tearing my skirt he murmurs against my hipbone, "I'll buy you a new one," sucking at the skin there and leaving a bite.

"Oh."

"You love it when I bite you don't you?" He growls.

"Yes," I moan like a hussy.

He lays open mouthed kisses down my to my thighs, while his hands follow the path of his kisses, leaving a trail of warmth in its wake. He stops at my knees and stands up.

Edward is panting heavily, still dressed in his suit, his hair a crazy mess from my constant tugging at it. I don't look much better. Clad only in black bra panties and heels, my skin is flushed and I'm panting as well.

"Leave your shoes," he whispers. "They look so sexy."

He leans down again and kisses me frantically.

I help him out of his suit and pants. He stands before me in his black boxer briefs, his prominent bulge even bigger from my dream.

He's a sight to behold: Broad shoulders, lean muscles, abs and the V on his stomach that makes me want to lick and bite it. He has a light dusting of hair on his pecs and one that leads a trail down to his loaded gun.

At this point my heart is pounding and the only sounds I can hear is both of us panting.

I grab him by the waist of his briefs and pull him to me for a kiss. I nip his jaw and lick a trail from the jawline to his ears which causes him to groan and grab tightly on my thighs.

My hands caress his biceps, pecs then slowly down to his brief-covered bulge and cup it.

"Shit, Isabella," he hisses and forcefully lays me down on the table taking both of my hands in one of his pinning them above my head.

His nostrils flare at the sight of me on the table, helpless for him to do as he pleases.

"You look stunning," he admires, causing me to blush. In response, his eyes to become as dark as night.

With his other hand he pulls down my bra and pinches my already hard nipples. He pinches one of my nipples and leans down sucking on the other. I groan as his talented mouth sucks, bites, and licks on my nubs while his tongue flicks it.

I arch my back for more as he continues to torture me with his tongue and hands.

"More, baby, I need more," I pant.

He looks at me with lust filled eyes and proceeds to lick a trail down to my panties as my panting grows louder.

Using his teeth, he slides the panties down my legs then grabs them in his hand as the other still has me pinned.

What he does next leaves me soaking. He restrains my wrists with my panties and orders me to leave them above my head.

I nod in compliance, not daring to stop the sexiness from unfolding.

He skims his nose down my body as I squirm and stops exactly right where I need him. "You're so wet for me already. I can practically smell your arousal," he growls.

"Open your eyes, Isabella, and keep them open" he orders. "I want to see your beautiful eyes when I eat out your pussy." He whispers, his breath hitting me where I want it most.

I hadn't even realized I had closed my eyes from how good he was making me feel.

As soon as my eyes land on his he licks a trail from between my slit to my nub. I arch my body in response forcing my eyes to stay open.

He nibbles, sucks, and devours me like a starving man, all the while keeping his heated gaze on me. His hot breath leaves me shaking and moaning at him to not stop.

I thrust in against his face, but he growls against me and pins me down with one of his arm. I whine, and he smack the inside of my thigh in response, making me wetter before diving back in.

"More baby, your tongue feels so good," I moan.

He moans against me and the vibration makes me ache more.

With every swipe of his tongue I become wetter. All I feel is an onslaught of pleasure by his magical tongue and then his fingers join in thrusting in and out of her.

"Edward, please," I beg because I'm so close. His eyes flash in response as he begins to thrust and suck and nibble harder. The pressure builds in the pit of my stomach and I'm on the verge of being in tears when he bites down on my clit and drives me over the edge.

My body arches off from the table as I shout his name over and over while he laps every drop until I'm a pile of sweaty shaking mess.

I lay there for what seems like hours before he lays a soft kiss on the inside of my thigh and roughly says, "Delicious," licking his fingers as well.

I laugh at his silliness and he crookedly smiles at me in return.

His eyes travel over my body making me feel self conscious when he says in reverence. "I was right again. You're gorgeous with clothes off."

"Kiss me you cocky bastard," I tell him, which he happily obliges.

Tasting myself on him turns me on more. I open my mouth and he plunges his tongue, both his and mine fighting for dominance. He wins a while later so I suck on his tongue causing him to snarl like a lion.

I snicker against his lips, but then gasp as he turns me around and pulls me by the waist to his rock hard cock.

I moan and thrust into him when he spanks me on the ass.

I gasp in surprise and begin to become wetter.

Leaning over me he whispers roughly. "You've been a bad girl,

Isabella, you should be punished."

"Why?" I pant.

I squirm against him. The situation is so similar to my dream from last week that I hold my breath in anticipation.

"You lied to me last Friday," he snarls. Spanking me again on my butt.

"You made me think I lost something precious," he whispers lividly, and edge of sadness creeping in.

I yelp as he spans me again, kissing my neck gently before saying. "And this is for drinking Caramel Mediocre."

He spans my ass again.

I yelp again, rubbing my thighs together as the wetness begins to seep down the inside of my thighs.

"I think that's enough punishment for now," he says in a rumble and steps away which causes me to whimper. "Wait here, and keep your hands on the table."

He comes back and sets a Starbucks coffee next to me.

I gasp. Holy shit, he's about to fulfill my fantasy.

He puts a straw through the lid and bends down taking a sip.

"Mmm it's still warm and delicious," he groans.

Then he whispers to my ear. "But not as delicious as you, my sweet," licking the shell of my ear and biting lightly on my lobe.

He takes a long sip, then what he does surprises the shit out of me. He gently grabs my face, coaxes me with his fingers to open my mouth.

I excitedly open my mouth and he kisses me, slowly pouring in the familiar taste of chocolate, Kahlua and coffee. I moan at the taste because combined with his, it's mind blowing.

Once I drink it all he plunges his tongue into my mouth and tastes every nook and corner.

"You were right about mixing the two, sweetheart. It is mind blowing, especially combined with your taste," he reads my mind.

Kissing me sweetly, he places the cup closer to my face and the straw in my mouth before disappearing to stand behind me.

I hear him shuffling about then pieces of clothing dropping to the ground and a sound of a packet opening while I slowly sip my delicious coffee.

He aligns himself behind me, gripping my waist. I hadn't seen his cock, but just the way it feels notifies me that it's big. A second later, his large cock fills me to the hilt in one swift thrust.

I moan out loud. "Oh, my God," almost dropping the straw from my mouth.

"Shit," he hisses. "You're so tight, so warm, so perfect."

He gives me a moment to adjust to his above average size.

After a few moments, he begins to thrust slowly in and out.

"Edward," I gasp in pleasure as he slides his cock in a torturously slow pace.

"Say my name again," he rumbles as he pulls back to the tip and roughly goes back in.

I moan out his name as he continues to slowly pull back and then roughly fill me to the hilt.

I manage to take a couple of sips through the straw but it's proving to be too difficult when he's moving inside me like that.

I let go of the straw and beg him to go faster and harder.

"Yesss," he hisses as he picks up with his thrusting and soon begins to pound me wildly.

My nails scratch against the wooden surface of the table as he fucks me.

"Oh, God. Don't stop," I pant.

I begin to meet him thrust for thrust as the pleasure rapidly grows in the pit of my stomach.

The only sound that could be heard in my apartment is our wild thrusts, Edward's growls and my moans.

Edward suddenly grabs a fistful of my hair and tugs it, forcing my neck to bend backwards and changing the angle of his thrust.

"Oh my god, more," I pant.

He growls like a wild animal as he fucks me against the table.

I moan his name over and over as he growls with every thrust.

He then leans over, laying hot, open-mouthed kisses on my shoulder and keeping the pace of his thrusts.

I pant for more because I'm so close to the edge.

"Shit, Isabella you feel so good, baby. We feel so good together," he groans close to me ear, sucking on my neck, as he slides his hand slowly down to my clit.

"Make me cum," I pant.

"With pleasure," he growls back.

If it's possible, he thrusts harder and strokes my clit roughly.

"Yes, Edward, yes!" I yell.

"That's it baby, cum on my cock," Edward growls through his teeth, his hot breath hitting the side of my neck and shoulders.

My body shakes from the closeness to release. Edward chooses at that exact moment to bite down on my shoulder.

The force of my orgasm rips through my body as I shout Edward's name. A few seconds later, he growls out my name and roughly bites into my shoulder as he cums wildly.

Both of us lay there, a panting sweaty mess on the table. I can feel both my and Edward's heart pounding from the sheer force and intensity of our orgasms.

Edward then nuzzles into my neck, his hot breaths causing my to shiver.

A small laugh slips through my lips and I can feel Edward smiling against my neck. My laughter causes him to laugh in response. So we both lay there spent, laughing our asses off at the cheerful moment and what just took place.

Edward gets off me and slowly pulls out. Even so, I still flinch because it feels really tender down there. I bet I will be walking funny for the next few days. Just thinking that causes me to giggle again. I love how rough he was with me and I can't wait for round two.

Edward unties my panties from my hands and helps me to stand up. He turns me around grabs my wrists and rubs the site tenderly.

I smile at him, stand on my tip toes and kiss him. He responds by hugging me to his warm body and kissing back sweetly.

I pull back. "That wasâ€¦" I trail off.

"Fucking awesome," he replies with that crooked grin still holding me to him.

"You were right, _again_," I huff, pretending to be annoyed with him.

"I usually am, but about what this time?" The cocky bastard asks.

I slap him on the chest. "Shut up, Edward," I grin, then continue. "About the fact that we're good together."

His eyes turn the softest shade of green and he replies softly. "That we are, Isabella."

Then with a devilish smirk he says. "Thank the stars for that coffee encounter."

End
file.